

ON THE FORT KANE TRAIL

By Cicely Allen

Copyright, 1901, by A. S. Richardson

Gloomy indeed had Christmas day been in the little cabin snuggled against the snow incrustated side of Crow peak. Santa Claus had failed to strike the Fort Kane trail. Teddy and Freddy, the Squire twins, had listened with blinking eyes to their mother's faltering explanation that the old chap could not get across the range, but when they had cuddled beneath their own buffalo robe and at a safe distance from the maternal eye could indulge in a few unmanly tears they privately exchanged the opinion that something else was wrong. What reindeer could not breast the drifts of the Fort Kane trail?

Nevertheless for two days after Christmas they watched the trail with eager eyes. Today hope fairly died within them. A gray pall seemed to fall upon the narrow gulch and the mountains. Even the flames in the deep fireplace refused to dance, and the logs sulked blackly. Mrs. Squire had been called to the nearest ranch by the illness of the one neighbor she had known in this desolate western home. Her husband had gone away, ostensibly in search of deer meat. Perhaps in reality he wanted to get beyond sight of those four pathetic, questioning eyes, for there was absolutely not a dollar in the house with which to placate Santa Claus. Indeed it was a grave question how the Squire establishment would be run until spring. There was the hole in the next gulch which Squire had been guarding heroically from prying eyes, but even if its prospects were known would any one advance him ready cash?

The afternoon shadows were beginning to fall when Freddy was called from wrestling with the unruly fire by an exultant shout from Teddy, who clung desperately to his watch at the window.

"They're somethin' comin', Ted! I hear it!"

Their hearing, sharpened by long days and nights in mountain silences, caught the distant plunk, plunk of an approaching horse. There ought to have been bells and reindeer, but any sort of vehicle or animal would do if only Santa Claus held the lines. They were wild to rush out to the trail, but the horrors of blizzards had been drummed into their small brains until they were quite willing to obey the parental injunction to stay indoors.

Nearer and nearer came the sound. The boys stood on tiptoe at the window. Ah, he was turning in from the trail! There were two of him and on horseback!

The twins threw open the doors and stood bareheaded and expectant as the two horses stopped and their riders finally entered through the narrow barred gate. At sight of the visitors Teddy could no longer hold back the tears. The disappointment was too great—nothing but cowboys and rough looking ones at that!

Freddy pulled himself together and with innate western hospitality told the men to come in.

"Ef you want to see pop, you'd better wait," he volunteered. "He's gone to track a deer, but he'll be home 'bout supper time."

The taller man of the two punched up the logs until a brilliant flame illuminated the room, furnishing the two colored hair of the twins until it shone like gold. As he straightened up he caught sight of Teddy's brimming eyes.

"Hello, kid! You ain't afraid, are you?" he said gruffly, but not unkindly. The second man sat down on the far side of the fireplace, breathing heavily.

Teddy shook his head.

"I ain't 'fraid, but I thought you was—Santa Claus. Mom says he's blockaded somewhere along the trail, but I guess he ain't comin'."

"Pshaw!" said the tall man, looking from one boy to the other. "This storm was most unhandy for the old gent." Then, in a wheedling tone: "But ef you was ter give us somethin' ter eat p'raps we might help the ole chap out a bit ef we come 'cross him up the trail. Now, ef you could show me where the coffee was, an' some bacon, we could do the rest."

Freddy was all importance on the instant. He hauled out the tin can of coffee and ground away until the big man bade him stop. He found the bread, too, and some cold beans and a small slab of bacon.

It was the tall man who did all the work. His partner sat by the fireplace doleful and uninterested, but not unwatched. Under the heavy brows of the would be cook anxious eyes kept guard on the sizzling one. The two children prattled on, enjoying the unusual opportunity of playing hosts. At last the scant meal was set forth, and the two men slammed their chairs before the table, covered with oil-cloth.

It certainly seemed to the twins that never had they seen men eat as did these strange guests.

"I wouldn't mind havin' a bit more of that bacon," remarked the tall man as the plates became bare.

"They ain't any more," said Freddy, with the frankness of youth, "ner any more beans."

There had been no sugar for the coffee and only molasses of the coarsest brand for bread. The sick man looked up suddenly.

"Is there anything more to eat in the house?"

"Oh, yes!" replied Freddy cheerily. "There's rice an' potatoes an' corn-meal. I heard pop tell mom he reck-

oned it would last a month or two anyhow."

The two men looked into each other's eyes, and the taller said as he pushed back his chair: "Wouldn't be surprisin' ef that was why Santa Claus didn't come this way. He's a great feeder, you know. But ef we come up with him crossin' the range we'll tell him what good cooks you are." He was pulling on his gloves now, but he stopped and thrust a hand into his pocket. "Here, give this ter your mother an' tell her we're sorry for the mess we left, but we ain't got time ter clear up."

Then they were gone, and Freddy and Teddy were studying over the round yellow dollar the tall man had thrown on the table.

The two horsemen had pushed four miles in the teeth of the storm before they spoke of the twins. They had stopped under shelter of an overhanging rock to tighten up girths and to gather fresh strength from the flasks which they drew from their hip pockets. The shorter man leaned wearily against his faithful horse.

"Seems a good many years, Jim, since the ole lady filled our stockin's an' told us stuff about Santa Claus. What was it? 'The night before Christmas?' 'Greatest stuff we thought it.' 'Come on!' said his companion anxiously. 'You'll be off your nut direct ly ef you don't get some quinine ef somethin'.'"

"I've got an idee when we strike Golden we'll buy somethin' 'sides quinine." He groaned slightly and clutched at his side.

"It'll be a box 6 by 2 ef you don't get a move on," growled the tall man.

His companion looked up with a smile that almost transfigured his face.

"Don't get grouchy, Jim. We're goin' ter meet Santa Claus down ter Brown's store an' drop his pack by that cabin on the Fort Kane trail. It's a risk, I know"—this as he noted the angry light in the other's eyes—"but, Lord, them two youngsters has about erbed their eyes out, an'—well, you remember when the ole lady filled our stockin's, Jim?"

The tall man threw himself into his saddle, but he did not answer even with an oath.

It was nearly morning in a narrow room at the Golden hotel. A smoky lamp gave forth a sickly beam of light, which in turn fell upon a ghastly bearded face. The short man was breathing fast now and with an ugly gurgle in his throat. Suddenly he turned toward the grim watcher by his bedside, and in his eyes was the pathetic yearning of a child.

"It ain't no use ter send fer the doctor, Jim. It only means bein' hauled off ter J. H. ter die. I know it all right. It's pneumonia. An' the first marshal as claps eyes on you will clap somethin' else on your wrists." A grin of humor shone even through the dying man's agony. "Fer the sake of the ole lady, Jim, don't forget them kids. Drop off at that cabin, sure, an' then make tracks, fer when they fin' me they'll be on your trail. S'long, Jimmy!"

The tall man straightened up as if the name he had not heard in years, "Jimmy," hurt him. He picked up the other man's coat and took from its pockets some odd shaped, knobby bundles. Then he came back to the bedside and gripped the hand that lay outside the gray blanket.

"I can't do it, George; by heavens, I can't!"

Slowly the sick man opened his eyes. "For God's sake, man, it's bad enough fer me ter die, but ter see you took by the deputies"—A shudder ran over the dying man's frame. "Go on, Jimmy, an'—an'—don't forget them kids."

The Cheyenne papers two days later announced in glaring headlines that the body of Jim Cosgrove, one of the most notorious stage robbers of the little Basin district, had been found in a hotel room at Golden. "Deserted In His Dying Hour by His Comrade," ran one of the subheads.

And in the little cabin on the Fort Kane trail two small boys were making merry with the gaudiest toys to be purchased at Brown's General Store and eating more candy than they had enjoyed in all the rest of their short lives put together.

Chinese Weddings.

The chief incident in a Chinese marriage is the arrival of the bride in her bridal clothes before the house of her chosen one. This is a de facto fulfillment of the contract. The wedding day is determined by the parents of the groom. The imperial calendar names the lucky days, and on such days the so-called "red celebrations" take place, both in the city and country. The same bridal clothes may be used several times. That the chief part of the bride at marriage is the arrival of the bride at the house of the groom is illustrated by the fact that the sons are often married without being present at their own weddings. It is not believed to be fortunate to change the wedding day when once decided. If the future husband, therefore, happens to be called away on the wedding day, the marriage takes place by sending the bride to his house.

Umbrella Etiquette in Turkey.

In China ladies are attended by servants who hold umbrellas over their heads. The Chinese and Japanese introduce both the umbrella and parasol into their decorative work and athletic sports. In western Turkey it is necessary to close an umbrella on meeting people of high rank, and a European traveler who was passing one of the palaces of the sultan was nearly run through by the guard before he comprehended that he must put down the open umbrella he carried. Every one passing the actual residence of the sultan lowers his umbrella as a salutation to "the brother of the sun and the moon."

DR. WM. H. VAN GIESON,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
No. 393 Franklin Street, opp. Washington Avenue.
Office Hours: 9 to 12 A. M., 1 to 3 P. M., and 7 to 9 P. M.
Telephone call Bloomfield 22.

DR. F. G. SHAUL,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
No. 70 Washington St., Bloomfield, N. J.
Office Hours: Until 9:30 A. M.; 12 to 2:30 P. M., and 6 to 8 P. M.
Telephone No. 17.

DR. GILE,

HOMOEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN.
Office: 47 Broad Street, corner Franklin.
25 years experience. Special attention to severe and chronic cases, mental and physical.
Hours: 8 to 10 A. M., 2 to 7 P. M.

S. C. HAMILTON, D. D. S.,

DENTIST.
No. 32 Broad Street, Bloomfield, N. J.
Telephone No. 66-1—Bloomfield.

DR. W. F. HARRISON,

Office and Residence:
329 Broad Street, Bloomfield, N. J.
Office Hours: 9 to 12 A. M., 5 to 8 P. M.
Telephone No. 1294—Montclair.

CHAS. H. HALFPENNY,

ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Office: 800 BROAD STREET, NEWARK.
Residence, Lawrence Street, Bloomfield.

Frederick R. Pilch Henry G. Pilch,

PILCH & PILCH,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law.
22 CLINTON STREET, NEWARK, N. J.
Residence of F. R. Pilch, 78 Watessing Avenue.

HALSEY M. BARRETT,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Office: 750 Broad St., Newark.
Residence, Elm St., Bloomfield.

CHARLES F. KOCHER,

COUNSELLOR AT LAW.
NEWARK: BLOOMFIELD
Prudential Building, 25 Bloomfield Avenue.

WM. DOUGLAS MOORE,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law.
OFFICE: New York City.
Residence, 12 Austin Place, Bloomfield, N. J.

GALLAGHER & KIRKPATRICK,

LAW OFFICES,
765 Broad Street, Newark, N. J.
JOS. D. GALLAGHER, J. BAYARD KIRKPATRICK,
Residence of J. D. Gallagher, Ridgewood Ave., Glen Ridge.

J. F. CAPEN,

ARCHITECT
764 Broad Street, Cor. Market Street, Newark.
Residence: 376 Franklin Street, Bloomfield.

DAVID P. LYALL,

PIANO-TUNER,
88 Monroe Place, Bloomfield, N. J.
LOCK BOX 144

WM. J. MAIER,

TEACHER OF VIOLIN AND PIANO.
Music furnished for Weddings, Receptions, etc.
47 FAIRMOUNT AVENUE, Newark, N. J.

J. G. Keyler's Sons,

556 Bloomfield Ave.,
DEALERS IN

FURNITURE

Of Every Description.

Parlor and Chamber Suits, Bureaus, &c.
Also Oil Cloth, Carpet Lining, Mattings, Mattresses and Spring Beds always on hand.
Upholstering and Repairing done with neatness.

Chemicals. Colors. Dyes.

INK

Used in Printing this Paper
IS MANUFACTURED BY

J. M. HUBER,
275 Water St.,
NEW YORK.

Benedict Bros.

NEW LOCATION.

Washington Life Insurance Building,
BROADWAY, COR. LIBERTY ST.

NEW YORK.

The Watch and Jewelry House of Benedict Bros. was established in Wall Street in 1819 by Samuel W. Benedict, the father of the present Benedict Bros., which makes it probably the oldest in this line in this country.

The present Benedicts removed to the corner of Cortlandt Street in 1863. They have long desired to have larger and fire-proof quarters, and now have, they believe, the most attractive Jewelry store in the United States, and perhaps in the world.

Their specialties are fine Watches, Diamonds and other Precious Gems.

BENEDICT BROTHERS

JEWELERS,
141 Broadway, cor. Liberty St.,
NEW YORK.

Chas. W. Hedden & Co.

UNDERTAKERS.
72 Clinton Street,
L. D. Telephone No. 59-B. BLOOMFIELD, N. J.
Everything Furnished Pertaining to the Business.

E. F. O'Neil,

PRACTICAL

HORSESHOEING,

436 Bloomfield Ave., near Orange St.

All interfering, overreaching, and lame horses shod in the most scientific manner and on approved principles. Perfect satisfaction guaranteed. Horses called for and brought home with care.

PUBLIC SCAVENGER

Licensed By Board of Health
Parties desiring to make contracts to have their premises kept clean of ashes, refuse, and garbage, can make favorable arrangements with

EDWARD MAXWELL
Office: 25 Clinton Street.

GEO. RIKER & SON,

CARPENTERS AND BUILDERS.

OFFICE:
276 GLENWOOD AVE.,
OFF. D. L. & W. R. R. DEPOT.
Residence, 76 Washington Avenue
TELEPHONE No. 47-A.

Health! Rest! Recreation!

are assured under the most favorable conditions at

Cambridge Springs,

PENNSYLVANIA.

midway between Chicago

and New York, on the

Erie Railroad.

You ought to know all about it.

Erie booklet, "The Bethesda of the Middle West," on application to the Ticket Agent or

D. W. Cooke, General Passenger Agent
New York.

L. DAWKINS,

Cor. Montgomery and Orchard Streets

DEALER IN

FINE GROCERIES, PRO-

VISIONS, FRUITS,

Flour, Feed, Grain, Hay, &c

FREE

This magnificent PARLOR LAMP, beautifully decorated, with an order for 20 lbs. of New Crop, 60c Tea, or 20 lbs. Baking Powder, 45c a lb., or an assorted order Teas and B. P., or 60 lbs. Roma Coffee, 30c a lb.

COUPONS, which can be exchanged for many different Premiums, given with every order of 20 lbs. of New Crop, Baking Powder, Spices and Extracts. Includes 2c. and 5c. Premiums. The Great American Tea Co. Box 519, N. J. Ferry St., N. Y.

HARNESS AND TRUNKS

NEW LINE OF WINTER GOODS.

Coolers, Winter Lap Robes and Sheets, and Driving Gloves. Trunks and Satchels always in Stock.

Rubber and Oiled Goods.

Trunk Repairing a Specialty. Trunks in need of Repairs called for and delivered in any part of Bloomfield or Glen Ridge free of charge.

JOHN N. DELHAGEN,

10 Broad Street, Bloomfield.

The Standard Livery and Boarding Stables,

T. H. DECKER, Proprietor,

No. 600 BLOOMFIELD AVENUE.

Large stock of good horses. Perfect Family Horses.

Gentlemen's and ladies' driving horses.

Brand New Coaches, Carriages, and Buggies of Latest and most approved styles.

First-Class Equipment in Every Respect

If you have occasion to use a livery of any kind for any purpose, of a horse to board, furniture or baggage to move, before going elsewhere visit and examine the facilities and accommodations of the Standard Livery and Boarding Stables.

FURNITURE STORED.

Courteous Attention and Satisfaction Guaranteed
Telephone No. 72.

JOHN G. KEYLER'S SONS,

General Furnishing

Undertakers

and Embalmers.

556 Bloomfield Ave., Bloomfield, N. J.

Everything pertaining to the Business furnished.

TELEPHONE CALL No. 35.

There are Patents, and there are

PATENTS WHICH PROTECT.

We secure you the last kind unless you order otherwise.

Our extraordinary searches (\$5) are very trustworthy, and free advice as to patentability goes with them.

DRAKE & CO., Patents,

Cor. Broad & Market Sts.,

Telephone 2652. NEWARK, N. J.

Amos H. Van Horn, Ltd.

"February Furniture Flyers"

—every day will bristle with them here!

Keep your eyes on all our ads. and

you'll keep well posted!

Goods held 'til later, or delivered now—cash terms or accommodation!

"Portland Ranges" and many other reliable Ranges, Parlor,

Cylinder, Pot and Laundry Stoves. Repairs for all makes always in stock!

Sale of Made-Up

Carpets Still On!

DROPPED PATTERNS, POPULAR WEAVES, LATEST

COLORINGS—DIFFERENT SIZES—YOURS AT

Unheard of Prices!

Ingrains, Brussels, Velvets, Axminsters—all sizes.

Bring Along Your Room Measures.

Some of the Price Hints!

In small room sizes now:

5.25 7.00 7.75

8.25 9.75 14.00

In medium room sizes now:

8.50 9.75 12.25

11.25 12.75 14.50

In large room sizes now:

13.00 17.00 18.00

19.00 21.75 22.75

And scores of others besides!

AMOS H. VAN HORN, Ltd.

Be sure you see "No. 73" first name "AMOS" before entering our store.

ACCOUNTS OPENED—EASY PAYMENTS

73 MARKET ST., NEWARK, N. J.

Near Place St., West of Broad St.

All freight transfer to our depot.

